

Poetic Voice Magazine



Volume Fourteen: Summer 2024

Poetic Voice Magazine: Volume Fourteen

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Cover picture: Dying Slave (1513) by Michelangelo Buonarroti

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Featured Poem: A poem by Michelangelo Buonarroti

If it be true that any beauteous thing
Raises the pure and just desire of man
From earth to God, the eternal fount of all,
Such I believe my love; for as in her
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,
I view the gentle work of her Creator,
I have no care for any other thing
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous,
Since the effect is not of my own power,
If the soul doth by nature, tempted forth,
Enamoured through the eyes,
Repose upon the eyes, which it resembleth,
And through them riseth to the primal love,
As to its end, and honors in admiring ;
For who adores the Maker needs ...
must love his work

Poetic Voice Magazine Welcomes Submissions

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is pleased to publish this fourteenth volume of *Poetic Voice Magazine* which serves to feature the work of aspiring poets.

Special Mention are new poems by Ayla and by Aki.

Poetic Voice Magazine welcomes submissions on a quarterly basis. Please feel free to submit your poetry to

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

Poetic Commentary

Commentary: My Candle by Edna St. Vincent Millay

*My candle burns' at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends -
It gives a lovely light!*

Edna St. Vincent Millay was criticized by foe and friend alike for her rather unique views and yet this did not stop her.

Her poem was meant to illuminate foe and friend alike, and in the end she did. You should find the time to read her autobiographical books.

I suspect once you have read past the first dozen pages ... you won't be able to put the books down until you have finished them.

Commentary: Greatness by Thomas Love Peacock

*He took castle and towns;
he cut short limbs and lives;
He made orphans and widows
of children and wives;*

*This course many years
he triumphantly ran,
And did mischief enough
to be called a great man.*

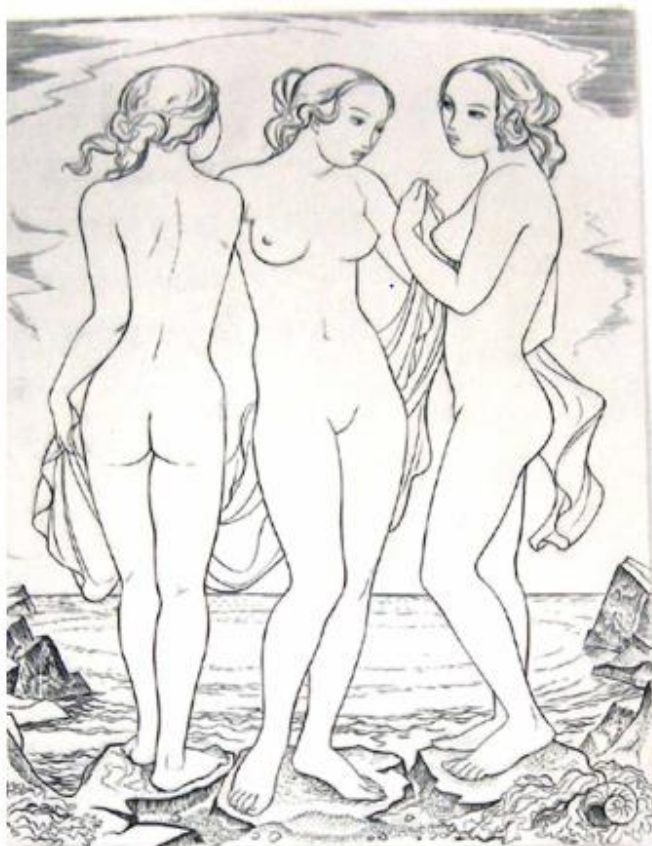
After three decades of relative calm and progress a handful of tyrants are once again throwing our world into turmoil.

This poem serves to remind us that war is the antithesis of good and warriors the antithesis of good or great men.

There is an expression you might take to heart ...

The surest way for evil to prevail is for good men and women to do nothing.

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New Poems

Four Poems by Ayla Souza

Fruit for the Garden of Mind

Echoes of altering thoughts, repetitive and constant,
The puddle of minds that settle like a pool of blood,
People in society put up mental fences and speak blunt,
Yet they hope with their bitter actions to be understood.

Black is the night, white is the moon, beautiful and bright,
Lost with ponders about tasteful hidden desires,
Fearing our demons within, searching for angels in sight,
Normality is a belief made for souls not to conspire.

Soaring our minds through the space and spec of time,
Hoping that one day love and nurture will be our only way,
A fragmented society in a world trying to save humankind,
Individual beliefs are flawed, while kindness frays.

Souls stuck in the emotions of memories long past,
A pain not worth keeping, feelings that don't need to last,
An unnecessary suffering not meant to be magnified,
Allow thus mind to untie the mental knots, choose not to hide.

The choice of manifesting reality is an artful craft,
Awareness and dedication are wisdom spacecraft,

Cultivate the mind like a magnificent fruitful garden,
Let the joy of choosing to strive be the shell that hardens.

The choices of allowing negative thoughts to flourish,
Is the root cause of any perpetual suffering realities,
Emotions cave once the belief is made to spiritually vanish,
The frustration sings and builds inside until we realize.

The key is within the soul, the insightful whispers,
Unexplainable truths told to be a fairytale,
Reality entwines into a fictional life changer,
Open the mind to find what the world has veiled.

Bravery to stray from what put this heart at bay,
The strength to focus on what makes your mind sing,
Sweet melodies that send our internal demons away,
Water this brain like it's a seed blossoming in the spring.

Black Lace Brain

Treacherous bodies walking in psychological illusions,
Masked with what they perceive as beauty.
Lost in the mindset of their own delusions,
Lost in their long-lasting search for serenity.

The prickling desire to taste the forbidden fruits,

The pathway to life, a maze without a trace.
Like rats with no sense of memory in a loop,
Our brains wrapped in a mind controlling black lace.

Dreaming about a world with joyful tomorrow's,
People wondering about a place with grace.
Like confused bees pollinating wilted flowers,
Running for a race, they will take last place.

The human species emotionally devolving,
The human mind and spirit of many disconnected,
Many souls lost without a desire to dance or sing,
The gifted viewed with a label and some isolated.

We are all one yet not a face to save their place,
Perhaps lost like dust blowing in the wind.
Racing to a line without a body to chase,
When skin and booty lines are all your eye can find.

Mixed thoughts of pleasure and disgust,
Fills the valleys of the perplexed minds of few,
Underlying the wives' minds of many with broken trust,
Faces with thoughts that weigh like a bottle of glue.

The never-ending broadcast of tragic news,
Gunshot there, stab here, trespass there,

Bloodshed everywhere beyond our nature to nurture,
Individuals escaping unfairness they can not bear.

A treason without a just reason lead by greed,
A darkness led by a hunger so cruel and selfish,
Nor sunlight, nor water could nourish a rotten seed,
Humanities fate has witnessed the devils kiss.

Suited Thoughts in Time

Suited higher ups flooded with Excuses,
Trapping souls in square glass Boxes,
Not an answer to quench life's Questions,
People separated into sad Fractions.

Taking wealth to their domains in Wagons,
The fancy, prance with their legal Weapons,
Murmurs of wrath tied like dirty Ribbons,
Their support lacks like blown up Pylons.

Truth for eternity they will make thus Seek,
Not to care, if sanity for all will fall Bleak,
Truth will put thus mind in a Frost,
For this mind, near death was truths Cost.

Mind to mind projection, answers Unfold,

Universal laws, belief, the key that Upholds,
The bravery to imagine without fear is Bold,
Behold the wisdom in this darkened World.

Hundred years passed yet insanity grows,
They plow the people into piles that mold,
Controlling every conscious not to Light,
Slowly some spark their inner Insight.

Listen to your mind and life will Brighten,
Process those emotions that Frighten,
Choose which voices to cautiously Ignore,
The morality in life is that there is more.

Fly like a Falcon

Society jailed by the emotions of Bygones,
Leading their life like disintegrated Pawns,
Next generations takeoff like sad Balloons,
Mindsets damaged like charaded Spoons.

Beliefs come and go like confused Clouds,
Sinful acts provoking fear upon Crowds,
In the name of justice of their Forsakes,
A pain caused from irrefutable Mistakes.

Altering joyful thoughts into sad Abstract,
Letting go of thoughts, refusal to Subtract,
A tool that snaps strength into the Brittle,
With time reduces inner pain little by Little.

Wearing their identity like a soiled Playsuit,
Fakeness infiltrates like a dusty Attribute,
Fly little bird, soar like the bravest Falcon,
The secrets of the one after a Dozen.

Alter perspectives, use mind like a Wand,
Humanity refuses to visualize the Beyond,
Kindness fading from the root of their Soul,
Happiness lost like a fireless cold wet Coal.

Unaware that minds connect like Syphons,
A flock like mindset of wingless Pigeons,
Insanity of the sane only causes Derange,
Opinions seem to only grow more Strange.

Striving life like a curious Insomniac,
Breaking free from a mental Cul-de-sac,
Spread hope across like joyous Streetlights,
Bathe beneath the rays of the Moonlight.

Disrespectful acts for fame to be Famous,

World Majorities rules with a rotten Focus,
Vent those bottled words kept Voiceless,
Retreat from that psychological Darkness.

Wonder Why It Is by Aki Kurosawa

It is the middle of the night
and I cannot sleep
It is too hot to sleep.
The moisture in the air sticks
my panties to my bare skin –
so I take them off
and fan myself all over.
The cold air arouses me
And so with fan in one hand
I tickle myself with the other,
Seeking pleasure in every fold of my skin
Now I am even hotter than before but ...
Really I don't mind it ...
I will take a cold bath later
After I have spent myself ...
And soap myself all over ...
And wonder why it is
I am always alone when I am
so –
ar
ous
ed!

He was no Longer Alone by Aki Kurosawa

He had aged so much
in just a few years.
His hand was frail to my touch.
This brought me to tears.

He was now eighty years old.
To celebrate this we had all gathered.
When we were invited we were not told
how much he had changed, rather

That 'his time was running out'
so we came expecting to see him
perhaps one last time, or
never again. His life had grown dim.

When his wife had taken ill
he watched the love of his life
crumble into nothing, will
he did try to keep her alive.

Then one day she was gone
forever, and he too started to crumble.
I knew him ten years ago,
when he taught *Haiku* at our school.

It was romantic, listening to him
recite the words of love as
if they were his own, as if
he were talking just to me.

I used to close my eyes imagining him
much younger, thinking we were all alone
just the two of us, under a tree
in spring time, his hand on my breast,

He knew what he was doing to us young women,
devoid of love and feeling very romantic.
You could hear
the beating of our hearts,
and smell our fragrance.

We were his flowers, our nectar flowed
as freely as his words. It was so romantic
listening to him, as he whispered in our ears
and into the echoing hollows of us.

I fell in love with him. We all did.
But every night he went home to his wife,
as we went to our empty beds, clutching our *Haiku*
close to our bare breasts, we his blossoming flowers.

We took to writing him *Haiku*
which he enjoyed to collect
all for himself. He told us this ...
He would never let his wife see them.

When at his eightieth he saw me
his face flushed, and I knew why ...
the *Haiku* I sent him would make
even a monk throw open his robe.

He asked that I sit next to him
which I did, although others wished
they had. He did not eat much that night,
but he did drink. He got a bit tipsy,

So one of us had to help him –
Home. I did not mind. It was not
far to his place. He did not have
to ask me. I could see that in his eyes.

His apartment was tiny, well ordered.
It had a woman's touch, amidst
the shelves and shelves and shelves of books ...
He had spent a lifetime collecting *Haiku*.

His bedroom was small and his bathroom too.
I helped him with his clothes,
and washed his back. So as not to get my dress
wet I took it off ... my bra and panties too.

He closed his eyes and started to sing
a song a little boy would sing when
his mother washed his back.
That said a lot about him I did not know.

Then I splashed him with water and
helped him into the bath. He kept
his eyes closed until he sat down,
and I sat down beside him and his bath.

I asked him why he kept his eyes closed.
He told me he wanted me to feel comfortable
here with him .., I said I did
and got into the bath with him.

He started to recite *Haiku*, but not
just any tome. He recited to me
my *Haiku* I had written him, word for word,
perfectly after the passage of many years.

I had written him as a Geisha would

write her Master. The he recited to me *Haiku*
he had written but never shared
with anyone before ... not even his wife.

His words were so romantic that then
and there I decided I would stay the night ...
but not share his bed. Just to keep
him company, until the crack of dawn.

Once he had been set to bed
I curled up on his couch, watching
the traffic lights play across the ceiling
while the noise serenaded me to sleep ...

Just as I was about to fall asleep I
heard from his room, the cry of what
could come from a little boy scared to be alone.
I got up and looked in on him.

He was asleep, yet had tears in his eyes.
So I took pity on him and crawled under
the covers besides him. He did not move
so I lifted his arm to embrace me.

Then I guided his frail hand to between
my legs until his fingers found my special

place. The moment he touched me
he stopped crying. He was no longer alone

*For he is my Lord
And I am his Concubine.
... Naked I lay there*

Pictorial: A Beautiful Composition



Perhaps I am twice or more ... by Patrick Bruskiewich

I am not half the man I used to be
Nor one in his entirety
Perhaps I am twice or more ...

With the passage of time
I have learned so much
That I did not know before

When I was much younger
No longer do I need to run
Nor prove my worth ...

To get to where I am going.

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Historical Poems

Carpe Diem by Laurence Hope

And if Fate remember later,
 and come to claim her due,
What sorrow will be greater
 than the Joy I had with you?

For to-day, lit by your laughter,
 between the crushing years,
I will chance, in the hereafter,
 eternities of tears.

Love's Secret by William Blake

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
Ah! she did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly:
He took her with a sigh.

The Female of the Species by Rudyard Kipling

When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride,
He shouts to scare the monster, who will often turn aside,
But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail.
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When Nag the basking cobra hears the careless foot of man,
He will sometimes wriggle sideways and avoid it if he can.
But his mate makes no such motion where she camps beside the trail.
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When the early Jesuit fathers preached to Hurons and Choctaws,
They prayed to be delivered from the vengeance of the squaws.
'Twas the women, not the warriors, turned those stark enthusiasts pale.
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man's timid heart is bursting with the things he must not say,
For the Woman that God gave him isn't his to give away;
But when hunter meets with husband, each confirms the other's tale -
The female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man, a bear in most relations - worm and savage otherwise, -
Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts the compromise.
Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a fact
To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act.

Fear, or foolishness, impels him, ere he lay the wicked low,
To concede some form of trial even to his fiercest foe.
Mirth obscene diverts his anger - Doubt and Pity oft perplex
Him in dealing with an issue - to the scandal of The Sex!

But the Woman that God gave him, every fibre of her frame
Proves her launched for one sole issue, armed and engined for the same;
And to serve that single issue, lest the generations fail,
The female of the species must be deadlier than the male.

She who faces Death by torture for each life beneath her breast
May not deal in doubt or pity - must not swerve for fact or jest.
These be purely male diversions - not in these her honour dwells.
She the Other Law we live by, is that Law and nothing else.

She can bring no more to living than the powers that make her great
As the Mother of the Infant and the Mistress of the Mate.
And when Babe and Man are lacking and she strides unclaimed to claim
Her right as femme (and baron), her equipment is the same.

She is wedded to convictions - in default of grosser ties;
Her contentions are her children, Heaven help him who denies! -
He will meet no suave discussion, but the instant, white-hot, wild,
Wakened female of the species warring as for spouse and child.

Unprovoked and awful charges - even so the she-bear fights,
Speech that drips, corrodes, and poisons - even so the cobra bites,
Scientific vivisection of one nerve till it is raw
And the victim writhes in anguish - like the Jesuit with the squaw.

So it comes that Man, the coward, when he gathers to confer
With his fellow-braves in council, dare not leave a place for her
Where, at war with Life and Conscience, he uplifts his erring hands
To some God of Abstract Justice - which no woman understands.

And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that the Woman that God gave him
Must command but may not govern - shall enthrall but not enslave him.
And She knows, because She warns him, and Her instincts never fail,
That the Female of Her Species is more deadly than the Male.

Invictus by W. E. Henley

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

Pictorial: A Woman Admiring David



Battle Hymn of the American Republic by Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel:
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of women, crush the serpent with His heel!

Since God is marching on.'

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

Surrealist and Dada Poetry

Could Man be Drunk For Ever by A. E. Housman

Could man be drunk for ever
With liquor, love, or fights,
Lief should I rouse at morning
And lief lie down of nights.

But men at whiles are sober
And think by fits and starts,
And if they think, they fasten
Their hands upon their hearts.

Birds, Bags, Bears and Buns by Anonymous

The common cormorant or shag
Lays eggs inside a paper bag.
The reason you will see, no doubt,
It is to keep the lightning out,
But what these unobservant birds
Have never noticed is that herds
Of wandering bears may come with buns
And steal the bags to hold the crumbs.

Litany by G. K. Chesterton

From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honour and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord!

Pictorial: Nantaimori anyone?



The Owl and the Pussy Cat by Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!*

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.
'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

The Song of Right and Wrong by G. K. Chesterton

Feast on wine or fast on water
And your honour shall stand sure,
God Almighty's son and daughter
He the valiant, she the pure;
If an angel out of heaven
Brings you other things to drink,
Thank him for his kind intentions,
Go and pour them down the sink.

Tea is like the East he grows in,
A great yellow Mandarin
• With urbanity of manner
And unconsciousness of sin;
All the women, like a harem,
At his pig-tail troop along;
And, like all the East he grows in,
He is Poison when he's strong.

Tea, although an Oriental,
Is a gentleman at least;
Cocoa is a cad and coward,
Cocoa is a vulgar beast,
Cocoa is a dull, disloyal,
Lying, crawling cad and clown,

And may very well be grateful
To the fool that takes him down.

As for all the windy waters,
They were rained like tempests down
When good drink had been dishonoured
By the tipplers of the town;
When red wine had brought red ruin
And the death-dance of our times,
Heaven sent us Soda Water
As a torment for our crimes.

Pictorial: What I don't Remember doing on Spring Break!



The Waggle Taggle Gypsies by Anon

Three gypsies stood at the Castle gate,
They sang so high, they sang so low,
The lady sate in her chamber late,
Her heart it melted away like snow.

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill,
That fast her tears began to flow.
And she laid down her silken gown,
Her golden rings and all her show.

She plucked off her high-heeled shoes,
A-made of Spanish leather, O.
She would in the street, with her bare, bare feet;
All out in the wind and weather, O.

O saddle me my milk-white steed,
And go and fetch me my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!

O he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!

What makes you leave your house and land?
Your golden treasures for to go?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord.
To follow the wraggle taggle gipsies, O?

What care I for my house and my land?
What care I for my treasure, O?
What care I for my new-wedded lord,
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
And to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

Vagabond by John Masefield

Dunno a heap about the what an' why,
Can't say's I ever knowed.
Heaven to me's a fair blue stretch of sky,
Earth's jest a dusty road.

Dunno the name o' things, nor what they are,
Can't say's I ever will.
Dunno about God - He's jest the noddin' star
Atop the windy hill.

Dunno about Life - it's jest a tramp alone
From wakin'-time to doss.
Dunno about Death - it's jest a quiet stone
All over-grey wi' moss.

An' why I live, an' why the old world spins,
Are things I never knowed;
My mark's the gipsy fires, the lonely inns,
An' jest the dusty road.

Love, Drink and Debt by Alexander Brome

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
 This many and many a year,
And those are three plagues enough, any should think,
 For one poor mortal to bear.
'Twas love made me fall into drink,
 And drink made me run into debt,
And though I have struggled, and struggled, and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my pain!
'Twill pay all my debts,
 And remove all my lets,
And my mistress, that cannot endure me,
 Will love me, and love me again:
Then I'll fall to my loving and drinking amain!

Pictorial: Hercules after killing the snake ...



Questions by Lord Thomson of Cardington

How can she catch the sunlight

And bind it in her hair?

Where is the golden apple

Whose core is not despair?

How shall one cull the honey

And yet not rob the flower?

And how can man, being happy,

Still keep his happy hour?

Canadian Poems

Three Poems by Duncan Campbell Scott

The Voice and the Dusk

The slender moon and one pale star,
 A rose leaf and a silver bee
From some god's garden blown afar,
 Go down the gold deep tranquilly.
Within the south there rolls and grows
 A mighty town with tower and spire,
From a cloud bastion masked with rose
 The lightning flashes diamond fire.
The purple martin darts about
 The purlieus of the iris fen;
The king-bird rushes up and out,
 He screams and whirls and screams again.
A thrush is hidden in a maze
 Of cedar buds and tamarac bloom,
He throws his rapid flexile phrase,
 A flash of emeralds in the gloom.
A voice is singing from the hill
 A happy love of long ago;
Ah! tender voice, be still, be still,
 'Tis sometimes better not to know.'
The rapture from the amber height
 Floats tremblingly along the plain,

Where in the reeds with fairy light
 The lingering' fireflies gleam again.
Buried in dingles more remote,
 Or drifted from some ferny rise.
The swooning of the golden throat
 Drops in the mellow dusk and dies.
A soft wind passes lightly drawn,
 A wave leaps silverly and stirs
The rustling sedge, and then is gone
 Down the black cavern in the firs.

The Sea by the Wood

I Dwell in the sea that is wild and deep,
But afar in a shadow still,
I can see the trees that gather and sleep
In the wood upon the hill.
The deeps are green as an emerald's face.
The caves are crystal calm,
But I wish the sea were a little trace
Of moisture in God's palm.
The waves are weary of hiding pearls.
Are weary of smothering gold.
They would all be air that sweeps and swirls
In the branches manifold.
They are weary of laving the seaman's eyes

With their passion prayer unsaid,
They are weary of sobs and the sudden sighs
And movements of the dead.
All the sea is haunted with human lips
Ashen and sere and gray.
You can hear the sails of the sunken ships
Stir and shiver and sway
In the weary solitude;
If mine were the will of God, the main
Should melt away in the rustling wood
Like a mist that follows the rain.
But I dwell in the sea that is wild and deep
And afar in the shadow still,
I can see the trees that gather and sleep
In the wood upon the hill.

The Wood by the Sea

I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind
But afar off tolls the main,
Afar, far off I hear the wind.
And the roving of the rain.
The shade is dark as a palmer's hood.
The air with balm is bland:
But I wish the trees that breathe in the wood
Were ashes in God's hand.

The pines are weary of holding nests,
Are aweary of casting shade;
Wearily smoulder the resin crests
In the pungent gloom of the glade.
Weary are all the birds of sleep,
The nests are weary of wings.
The whole wood yearns to the swaying deep.
The mother of restful things.
The wood is very old and still.
So still when the dead cones fall.
Near in the vale or away on the hill,
You can hear them one and all.
And their falling wearies me;
If mine were the will of God,—oh, then
The wood should tramp to the sounding sea.
Like a marching army of men!
But I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind.
Afar off tolls the main;
Afar, far off I hear the wind
And the roving of the rain.

Pictorial: A Sculptress & her Sculpture



Chicago artist Jyl Bonaguro, Photo by Billy Pissios

She wants to do a life sized Athena sculptor next.

Four poems by Ethelwyn Wetherald

My Orders

My orders are to fight;
Then if I bleed, or fail,
Or strongly win, what matters it?
God only doth prevail.
The servant craveth naught
Except to serve with might.
I was not told to win or lose,

My orders are to fight.

Legacies

Unto my friends I give my thoughts,
Unto my God my soul,
Unto my foe I leave my love —
These are of life, the whole.

Nay, there is something—a trifle—left;
Who shall receive this dower?
See, Earth Mother, a handful of dust—
Turn it into a flower.

The Followers

One day I caught up with my angel, she
Who calls me bell-like from a sky-touched tower.
'Twas in my roof-room, at the stillest hour
Of a still, sunless day, when suddenly
A flood of deep unreasoned ecstasy
Lifted my heart, that had begun to cower,
And wrapped it in a flame of living power.
My leader said, 'Arise and follow me.'

Then as I followed gladly I beheld
How all men baffled, burdened, crossed or curst,
Clutch at an angel's hem, if near or far;
One not-to-be-resisted voice, deep-belled.
Speaks to them, and of those we call the worst,
Lo, each poor blackened brow strains to a Star!

The Wind of Death

THE wind of death, that softly blows
The last warm petal from the rose.
The last dry leaf from off the tree,
To-nig'ht has come to breathe on me.
There was a time I learned to hate
As weaker mortals learn to love

;

The passion held me fixed as fate.
Burned in my veins early and late;
But now a wind falls from above

—

The wind of death, that silently
Enshroudeth friend and enemy.
There was a time my soul was thrilled
By keen ambition's whip and spur;
My master forced me where he willed.
And with his power my life was filled;
But now the old-time pulses stir
How faintly in the wind of death,
That bloweth lightly as a breath.
And once, but once, at Love's dear feet
I yielded strength and life and heart;
His look turned bitter into sweet,
His smile made all the world complete;
The wind blows loves like leaves apart —
The wind of death, that tenderly
Is blowing 'twixt my love and me.
O wind of death, that darkly blows
Each separate ship of human woes
Far out on a mysterious sea,
I turn, I turn my face to thee!

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